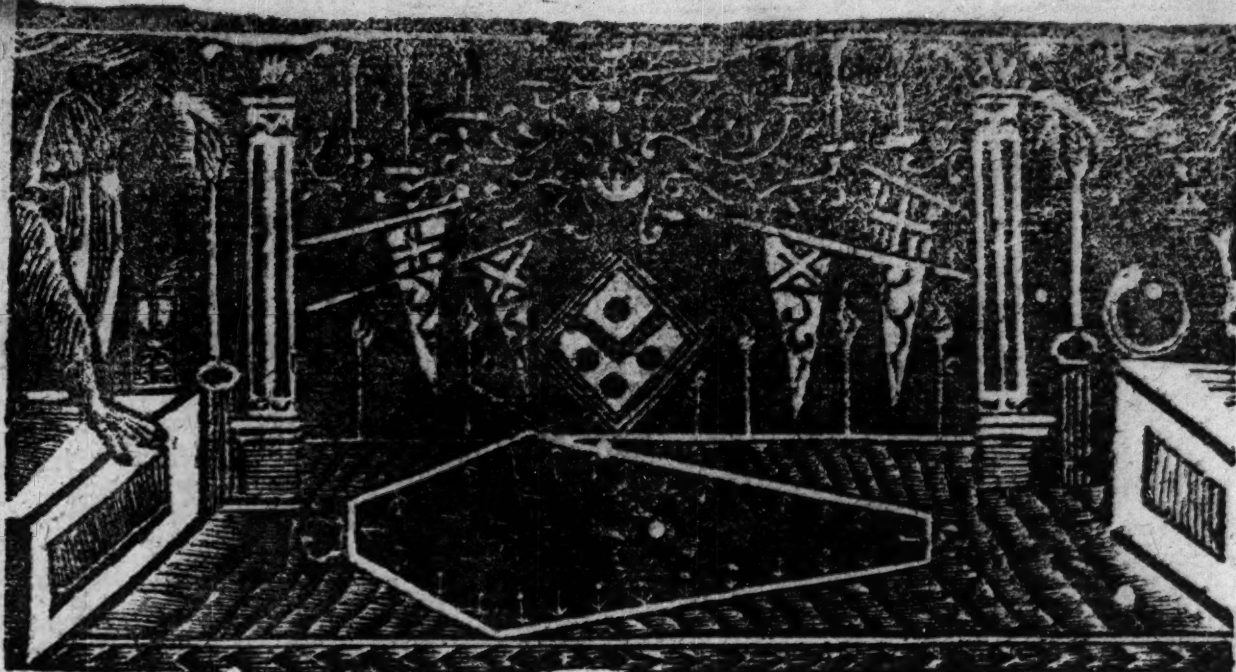




An
E L E G Y 19

On the much Lamented Death of Alderman Ford, who Departed
this Life the 25th of this Instant August, 1725.



Almighty Death, by whose decisive blow,
The King, and Peasant falls, and all below,
Beneath whose crushing stroke all Men must wade
Has now'd down Ford and left him for the Spade,
T' extant of Land or Gilded Roofs in vain
The pining Masters of strong purse Complain,
When dread tremendous Death's attack draws

(near
The Great in Common fall well as the Poor,
Oh! Ford co'd Charity good works prevail
St. Audeons had not rung the dismal Pale,
To day it does not ecchoed to the plain
Your loss in louder Notes than we complain,
Action Lif's business, part engros'd your Days,
Your Heart engag'd the Poor and Mankinds Praise,
So that expiring by the last dread blow,
You liv'd so as to merit no one Foe;
Grandeur may give a Name Attendance wait
On the brocaded Ministers of State,
But foreign to the Custom of your Door
Neglected and unheeded pass the Poor,
FORD, fortune plac'd thee in the middle State,
Gave you to give, and yet not made you Great,
Which with such due frugality and Care
You manag'd as deserves all Mankinds Prayer;
How glorious is't to wear the Thread of Life,
Say you have Liv'd in Peace die without Strife,
That every Neighbour may each other tell,
In Mournful Accents, that a just Man sell,
All that and more your Character must prove,
Who sought none's Envy, but engros'd all's Love,
Angels to happy Climes convey him streight,
Who Liv'd so Just, so Candid so Upright,
Let every Gift and Blessing all accord
T' Enrich the Happy, Just Departed Ford.

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this Simple Sod, plain as it shews,
Plain mould'ring Honesty unheeded grows
Who Copy's honest Ford upright's a Brother,
And quits one State of bliss to gain another.